

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

## Township Ordinances.

The doubts which many people have entertained regarding the power of the Township Committee to pass ordinances relating to bicycle riding upon the sidewalks, has been put at rest by the opinion of the Court in the recently tried case of *Haskell vs. Foster, et al.* The Court held that the Township Committee had a right to make ordinances forbidding bicycle riding upon the sidewalks, that the riding of a bicycle upon the sidewalks was a public nuisance; that the ordinances were perfectly justified in making the arrest and bringing the plaintiff before the Justice to be dealt with according to law, and had this been all he would have directed a verdict for the defendants, but that the evidence concerning the subsequent conduct of the defendants at the house of the Justice must go to the jury. Upon this charge, and on account of the irregular proceeding before the Justice, the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for twenty five dollars.

This decision is of the utmost importance to the town authorities, for whereas before there was much reluctance both in passing and enforcing ordinances against various evil practices on account of the doubt expressed concerning the powers of the Township Committee, solid ground for action has now been provided. A decision against the Township in this matter would have been a public calamity, and our streets would have been given over to the possession of furious Jehus on wheels and behind them, and the poor foot passenger would have been in grave doubt as to whether he was safer on the sidewalk, or in the middle of the street. As it is now, the Township Committee will doubtless see to it that the sidewalk reserved for pedestrians, and Bloomfield avenue prevented from becoming a race course. Judge Depeur remarked in the above case that the Township Committee had a perfect right to establish suitable regulations for the use of the sidewalks and highways.

It would probably be better to pass ordinances prescribing definite penalties for their violation. If this were done we have little doubt that the cheaper roadway would be preferred by the cyclists and that the more expensive sidewalk would be completely deserted by them. We are glad that this much discussed bicycle question is at last definitely settled, and while perhaps it is to be regretted that it had to be settled by means of a lawsuit, still no other method would have been quite so satisfactory and efficacious.

But there is a worse evil than bicycle riding which demands the attention of our Township Committee, and that is the allowing of our hard earned sidewalks to be covered with slush and ice during the winter months. This Journal has repeatedly urged upon the owners of sidewalks the duty of keeping them clean. We have argued the point from every standpoint but we regret to say that the arguments of safety, convenience, patriotism and christianity, have failed to produce the slightest effect upon the proprietors of that most dangerous and exasperating thing, a snow covered and ice covered sidewalk. We therefore now most earnestly advocate the passage of an ordinance compelling under a good round penalty and abettors upon the sidewalks to keep them clean. A kindly appeal to the pocket-book will probably prove efficacious where all other arguments have failed.

## Death of Mrs. Andrus.

Mrs. Lydia I. Andrus, widow of the late Colonel Isaac M. Andrus, and sister of the Hon. Willis R. Austin of Norwich, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Malcolm Peters, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, Jan. 4th. Mrs. Andrus left her home in Bloomfield, N. J., in the enjoyment of full health, during the holidays, to visit her daughter. On New Year's day she first complained of feeling indisposed. At first there was no apprehension of a serious result. She failed rapidly and sank peacefully away on the fourth day. The funeral took place from Mrs. Peters' residence in Philadelphia, where an Episcopal service was held. The remains were accompanied by her children and relatives to Newark, N. J., where they were placed in the family tomb in the Third Presbyterian churchyard. Mrs. Andrus was a daughter of John P. Austin, formerly a resident of Norwich, Conn.

## THE SUPPLY OF MUSK.

Perfumes that the Jersey Marshes furnish for Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

A reporter was in a drug store the other evening. The store is kept by a friend of his. A lady came in and bought an ounce of musk extract. After she had gone out the reporter said to his friend, the druggist:

"I dare say that the race of fragile, but aromatic, little deer from which musk is obtained must be nearly extinct by this time, is it not?"

"Not the fragile and aromatic little deer that furnishes the musk I sell," replied the druggist. "That fragile and aromatic little deer isn't any nearer extinction now than he was when he first began to dive and burrow, and that was away back in the primeval years."

"Why?" exclaimed the reporter. "The animal that supplies the musk of commerce lives among the palm clad hills of Central Asia, where picturesque native hunters follow its tiny track, risking their lives and undergoing great toil and hardships to secure the almost infinitesimal sac which envelops the precious perfume, and by painful journeys of miles and miles they bear it to the marts of trade, where it is sold for many times its weight in gold. Everybody knows that."

"Yes," said the druggist, "I've heard of that. But the way I find it now is different. The animal that supplies the musk of commerce around these parts lives largely in those luxuriant reeds of bog and marsh known as the Jersey marshes, where the following of its track is attended with no risk to life, no toil, no hardship. I never knew it to be attended with much but a jug of musk and a long handled spear. The hunters are picturesque, though. An old fur cap, a large piece of tobacco smoking over an unprotecting red chin whisker, and a pair of gun boots filled with the legs of hickory overalls, and a long, lank Jerseyman. That ought to pass for picturesque, hadn't it? But none of these hunters ever said anything to me about an infinitesimal sac, enveloping precious perfume, nor ever complained about having to journey many painful miles and miles to reach the marts of trade; nor have I any recollection of their demanding many times its weight in gold for the precious perfume. Not any hunters that I ever dealt with didn't. They just jumped aboard a ferryboat, landed on this side and hoisted it up here, and, chucking on the counter what he had to sell, said:

"That ye be, Kernal! Didn't have much luck today, an' only shaked the pods out o' ten. They're bang up us, though. O't to be wuth ten cents a pair, Kernal."

"Do you mean to say," the reporter began, "that the druggist interrupted him."

"Yes," said he, "I mean to say that the picturesque hunters who risk their lives on the trail of the musk deer in the Central Asian mountains can do better by picking their grips and coming over here and chasing the wily muskrat in the Jersey marshes. They must have to wear more clothes, but they'd get more musk and find a market right under their nose. Yes, my son. The effete orient is no place for the musk hunter nowadays. The robust occident beckons him and he had better come. He needn't fetch his spear with him. They're plenty here at fifty cents per pound."

"Let somebody sell the genuine oriental musk yet, certainly," insisted the reporter.

"Yes, oh, yes," said the druggist. "There's a good deal of it sold yet, but it's a non-descript. What's the use? A drop of Jersey musk will reach just as far and last just as long as a drop of the most aristocratic article that ever came from Asia. A lady carrying a drop of the Jersey musk to church with her will attract to her congregation a large audience, and if she had inhaled a drop of the home made stuff into her garment. Neither will the high collared youth who sits down next to you at the table, smelling reminiscent of an Arabian musk deer hunt, arise in you any longer desire to sweep upon him as an array with banners and dust the floor with him, than will the same young man if he really recalls to you the hole where the muskrat disappeared. Then what's the use? There ain't any. No one can tell the difference and I keep the home article. It's as good as the best and can be sold for less. Some of the finest and most delicate colognes I sell today are made from the aromatic secretion of the muskrat of the Jersey marshes. I mention myself, but if I should place 100 New York druggists in a bunch and let you chuck a stone at the bunch you couldn't hit a man in it who isn't on just as intimate relations with the Jersey muskrat as I am."

"Then," said the reporter, "the Jersey men who hunt the muskrat must make a nice thing of it."

"As far as it goes, yes," replied the druggist. "But as ten or a dozen muskrat pods will make enough extract to last a year in any drug store with a fair trade in perfumes, there might be more money in it than there is for the hunter. But then you see the muskrat pod isn't all there is to the muskrat. He is an animal of great resources, the muskrat is. For instance he furnishes the material for many thousands of sealskin caps, muffs, gloves and trimmings. So you can really see that neither the musk deer, the seal, nor the rabbit need go off and be extinct so long as the great American muskrat lives, breathes and has his being."—New York Evening Sun.

## The Feet in Cold Weather.

Sit before retiring for the night with the feet in as hot water as can be borne. Try putting the feet in a little at a time and taking out, then trying it a little longer again and again, till you will be surprised how hot you can bear it. Sit for a time, say for ten or fifteen minutes, or longer if you choose, when your feet will be very red and look almost parboiled. Then take a crash towel and dry thoroughly. Heat before the fire till perfectly dry, then draw on a pair of clean hose and go to bed. You will be surprised to see how warm your feet will be all next day. I do not advocate wearing hose at night only after such a bath. A few such baths will give you warm feet all winter; it brings the blood to the feet, the lack of which makes them cold.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Nervy Fidgety People.

We are emphatically a people of nerves. Visitors from other lands are astonished at the fierce activity that pervades our most insignificant actions; but they themselves speedily contract restlessness and no longer marvel at wonderful developments of invention and speed of practical application. A portion of this energy is doubtless due to American climate, which teaches in a vigorous and obtrusive manner, that quiet and rest do not form part of natural law in this country, but it is far more a result of our newness, our youth in the family of nations. Scarcely out of our swaddling clothes of history, we are called upon to stand up squarely in competition with a thousand years of past, and show the old fogies a new thing

or two. And we have done it, are doing it now and apparently have shouldered a contract to keep in the lead for all time to come. What with new instruments for the annihilation of time and distance, limited express trains across the continent and unlimited chances for express speed in dissipation, the American temperament has already grown to become an age where their contemporaries in other lands are still at school, relegate the "old folk" to the rear; and father's opinion is voted as "good, of course, but belongs to a past period."

Yet, in all this mad speed, there are apt to be some who, when we live shorter lives than elsewhere, even in length of years; that is not the case. We are not less capable of keen appreciation of good things, when once they are introduced to us on the contrary, we are apt to see beauty and say so, too, when not even a glance of pleasure shows that our slower neighbor has noticed it. But, from a practical point of view, our temperament is a dangerous one to the state, in that it does not distinctly represent reproduction. The future American will be conglomerate; the blood of our forefathers will be so far diluted that its characteristic will be lost in foreign over-flowing tide, which, if sluggish in its flow, may still be serviceable by reflecting from too much nervousness our fidgety people.—American Magazine.

## Tricks of Eastern Wizards.

Alderman, the conqueror of northern Spain, according to the Moorish chronicle of the Caliphs, once engaged a "master" who introduced himself by "making the shadow of a dial retreat by 12 degrees," an exploit which, indeed, even Russian facilities of collusion would fail to explain. That same court wizard is said to have predicted the issue of the battle of Tours (Charles Martel's defeat) a full year before his royal patron crossed the Pyrenees; but in that branch of his art at least his prestige can be challenged by the record of a modern specialist. The clairvoyant Lenormand, whose sanctum in the Rue Madeleine seems to have rivaled the borders of the Delphic oracle, foretold Col. Murat that his career would end on the throne of a king (certainly an argument of quite classic ambiguity), and that his fortune would carry him far beyond the borders of his native land. She also assured ex-Jacobin Bassere that the ghosts of the past would not rise against him; and when Talleyrand visited her in the garb of a country curate he outlined his political vicissitudes in a way that convinced him that her keen eyes must have penetrated either his disguise or the veil of the future. In 1803 Napoleon himself could no longer resist the witchery of her growing fame, and one evening gave her rendezvous in the library of the Tuileries.

"The rising clouds will pass, sire," said she, "and the star of your fortune will continue to mount higher and higher, for years to come, till"

"Go on."

"Till the ninth year shall witness its decline."

"Et apres?"

"All beyond is dark, sire."

The sibyl herself kept record of her predictions, and the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries seems to leave no doubt that what skeptics called her random shots resulted in an amazing number of hits.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald in Cosmopolitan.

## Two from the School Room.

A teacher in a city near New York had a small class in easy physiology. They had had several lessons on the ear, and had been so thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all its parts, that when some visitors dropped in, the teacher was glad it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions, and receiving prompt and correct answers, she said: "What is the name of the canal in the ear?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then spoke up, loud and plain: "The Erie canal!"

The visitors thought if she judged by the sound it was no wonder the child thought the Erie canal ought to be in the ear, and were, perhaps, better pleased than the teacher was with the answer. Another teacher in the same city asked one of her scholars the meaning of the word "vicissitude."

"Change," was the reply.

"That is right," said the teacher, "now give me a sentence with the word vicissitude in it."

"My mother sent me to the store to vicissitude a dollar bill."—Christian Register.

## The Razor Back Hog.

"They are great travelers, and always go in a trot. Their quadrupedal locomotion is in some ways contrasted with an internal grunting arrangement. This capability for locomotion, and their innate sinfulness, scientifically explain their existence in West Virginia and their ancestry. There is no authority for even supposing that the swine historically described as going down into the sea or lake with devils in them were drowned. The Sinitic vatican and Alexandrian manuscript say 'choked,' so I stake my scientific reputation upon the assertion that the swine of West Virginia are descended from the survivors of those owned by the A. D. 1 pork raisers, for the reason that they have more devil in them than can possibly be compressed into modern pork, have cloven feet, a long tail, and never miss an opportunity to upset a bucket, eat a week's washing, or signal when the baby is asleep."—American Magazine.

Accidents from Electricity. "It is a singular thing," said a manager of an lamp systems, "that accidents usually happen to men who are more or less familiar with electricity. They get so used to manipulating the apparatus that they sometimes become careless, just as the brakeman who regularly jumps on a moving train gets careless sometimes and suffers the inevitable consequences. Fooling with electricity is like fooling with red hot iron. Nobody but an idiot would think of handling heated iron without proper implements, and nobody should handle exposed electric wires without rubber gloves, or allow any defect in insulation to go unrepaired a moment. The accidents that happen are all to be traced to carelessness, either in neglecting repairs or in handling the exposed wires. We reduce danger to the minimum by insulating all our wires that run indoors with rubber, and by hanging the wires that run through the streets, and which are insulated with material made chiefly to resist the effects of the weather, away up in the air where people can't readily get at them. That is all the safeguard that it is possible to throw about this wonderful secret force of nature. With such safeguard we can run as much as 2,000 volts of electricity along a wire safely. When some of the electric supply is desired to light a building along the route of the street lights, a slant or guard box is placed at the entrance of the building, and separate sup-

ply wires are run from the inside. Then only as much electricity as is wanted to light the building goes into it, and the rest is diverted by the slant and carried back to and along the street lines. As an average only 1,300 volts of electricity is carried on the street wires, and very few buildings require so many lamps that the current sent to supply the lamps is really dangerous, even if the insulation of the wires were imperfect."—New York Sun.

Foreigners in a Restaurant. Notice a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a Spaniard enter a strange restaurant, and see how he reveals his European training as soon as he crosses the threshold. He raises his hat slightly, bows and takes a seat. This little ceremony means in English: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger, but I hope no intruder." When he has paid his score to the cashier, especially if she be a dame du complot, as in his own country, he tips his hat, bids her good day and goes out into the world again, leaving a sunny ray of courtesy behind him. These little things count in the long run.—New York World.

New Sort of Race. A new sort of horse race recently took place. The distance was a mile and a half. The horses walked the first half mile, then ran the second and ran the last fifteen cent.

**\$21,000 FOR CHARITIES.**

The charitably inclined readers of this paper will be much interested in the following:

"ANNOUNCEMENT. We have decided to distribute among the charitable institutions within a circuit of twenty-five miles from New York City (City Hall) the sum of Twenty-one Thousand Dollars, pro rata, as per the number of our 'German Laundry Soap' Wrappers held by each institution on the First day of November, 1888. Committee to distribute this donation to be selected by institutions holding ten thousand or more Wrappers."

This takes in Bloomfield, it being within 25 miles of New York.

**CAUTION.** Many charitably disposed persons were deceived by cheap imitations of our German Laundry Soap. Each wrapper is printed in both English and German.

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and see that each WRAPPER is BLUE and bears on its face the TRADE MARK of a COLORED WOMAN AT THE WASH-TUB. Each wrapper is printed in both English and German.

The New York Division of the week ending Oct. 20, 1887, published a list of 112 charities in New York and Brooklyn, among whom \$21,000 was distributed by the committee. The system of awards was based upon the number of wrappers of Higgins' German Laundry Soap held by each institution, they having secured from each institution a list of all the wrappers held, during the year ending Sept. 6, 1887.

Among the larger beneficiaries, are: N. Y. City German Hospital, \$1,000.00; St. John's Guild, \$2,616.36; Foundling Asylum of Sisters of Charity, \$2,300.00; Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for Protection of Immigrants, \$1,848.25; Home for the Aged of the Little Sisters of the Poor, \$1,271.54; and so on down, 35 in all in N. Y. City participating.

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